

Don Ramon's Revenge

By MRS. W. DAVENPORT HUDNALL

WAY down in Old Mexico, Senor Ramon, seated over his vast possessions. Day by day he became more and more discontented and morose, as he looked upon his broad acres, fields of coffee, sugar and hemp, and as far as the eye could reach, and beyond, he could call the land and all who dwelt thereon his. But Don Ramon was a widower, because all the pretty señoritas and the widowed señoras looked upon him with fear.

It had been whispered abroad that somehow away back in his life there had been a young and pretty Donna Ramon, who had mysteriously disappeared, after she had gone with him to the far away land of the Gringoes.

Be that as it may, only he knew, and when he courted pretty Senorita Inez Santora, just fresh from the convent and devoted care of the good sisters of Sacre Coeur, he never could fathom the evident fear she had of him. Inez was the only daughter of a noble Mexican family, consisting of three brothers and her widowed mother.

All wanted her to marry Don Ramon because of his broad lands and great wealth, and upon her shoulders rested the responsibility of recouping the lost fortunes of the noble Santora family.

The boys either would not or could not work, and as soon as they found Senor Don Ramon had fallen in love with gentle Inez, their future seemed assured.

Surely no girl in her right mind would refuse such an offer, much less Inez, who was simply a penniless girl, with naught but a sweet, gentle disposition and a beautiful face. Inez kept her own counsel, and almost broke her heart over the turn affairs had taken. She loved her mother, and brothers, too, as she knew nothing of their escapades. But she had been to mass at the great cathedral on some of the sacred feast days of the church, and her lovely eyes had wandered around many times when she should have been saying her prayers, and they encountered the admiring glances of Don Pedro Garcia, he of the powerful form and graceful carriage.

Inez always looked for him every time she went to the cathedral, and he was always in the same place, no matter at what hour she was there. She wondered how it could be that he knew when to find her.

After she left the care of the sisters and went to live with her family, no matter when she attended the mass, he was always there. Heart answered heart, and her eyes returned his loving glances, and some day she knew she should meet him. Surely, the Blessed Mother Mary would bring all around right. So Inez continued her work among her flowers, and sang the live-long day, as she nursed her secret love for Don Pedro. She knew who was under her window at night, singing the old love songs to the twanging of his guitar, and the stray notes she found in the early morning, as she strolled in the garden, surely could only come from one source.

But alas! one day as she came home from a visit in the country to an old schoolmate, imagine her astonishment upon entering the room to see Don Ramon chatting familiarly with her mother and brothers, and her mother addressing her, saying: "Inez, dear, Senor Don Ramon has conferred the great honor upon us of asking your hand in marriage, and we have accepted him for you. Come here, dear, and let us congratulate you upon your good fortune."

Inez looked from one to the other, and great tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, mother dear, I don't love Don Ramon. I—I—oh! don't ask me to marry him. I cannot—cannot."

She ran out of the room, and up to her little shrine, and poured out her heart to the Mother of Sorrows.

Senora Santora made the best of the situation, and laughingly excused her by saying it would all be right by tomorrow; it was because the proposal was so unexpected, so sudden.

After Don Ramon had gone, Senora Santora went in quest of her willful Inez. "What do you mean?" she said. "Don't you know we are as poor as we can be, and it only remains for you to wed the Don to keep us from beggary poverty, and the Don has promised to help your brothers, and me, also. You must and shall marry him. I had pledged my word."

Poor Inez! Her life became one long torture, and at last she gave her unwilling consent, and then the Santora household became one vast workshop of preparation.

All the girls and widows shook their heads and prophesied dire disaster to follow the marriage. But Don Ramon showered his passive bride-elect with costly jewels and richest fabrics for her apparel.

Alas! one evening as Inez was sitting in the garden, as she thought alone, she heard the love song she knew so well, and some one else heard it also, and watched her as she listened. The rapt and sweet expression on her face was one he had never been able to bring forth, no matter how magnificent the gifts or how sweet his compliments and love-making might be, and he resolved to see who it was that brought that love light in her eyes. He climbed over the hedge, but just in time to see Don Pedro vanish round the corner. His jealousy was aroused, and he determined to take her far away, when she was his bride, far away to the land of the Gringoes, and then he would keep her shut up so no one could see her.

He kept his own secret, and Inez knew not that he had spied Don Pedro.

After the wedding, which was the most brilliant affair that had ever been known in that part of old Mexico, he hurried his bride away to the solitude of a new home in a comparatively new country.

Inez was all alone, and saw no one except her old nurse, and the servants around the house, all of whom were brought from his home, and had been his abject slaves, ruled by fear for years. He built the most peculiar house for their home.

It was shaped like a hexagon, with windows everywhere, and a cupola on top, so he could scan the country for miles around.

The house was situated on a lonely road, far away from the settlements, and approached through a long lane of eucalyptus trees, running north, south, east and west.

The house at the apex of the trees upon the knoll was so peculiar, and altogether so queer and uncanny that the straggling settlers gave it a wide berth, and it was whispered around that there were many dark deeds done under its roof. There was a large cistern some 25 feet deep, near the house, and that tapped a living spring which supplied water for the house, and large domain around it; orchard and garden blossomed and grew under the careful care of the servants, and Donna Ramon should be happy with such a home, but she was a prisoner and never was seen on the roads driving except with the Don.

One day he left her, saying he should not be back until the following evening, as he was going to town to attend to some business affairs, and Donna Inez, being left alone, ascended the stair to the cupola, to watch the moon rise over the far-distant water. Oh, how unhappy she was, ever since her marriage, and for six months she had heard nothing from her family.

Could it be that Don Ramon destroyed the letters? She sat there she knew not how long, and it seemed to her the most peaceful time she had spent since leaving her own sunny land.

She heard a sound that made her heart beat faster, and faster, and she leaped far out on the window sill, and there stood—could it be possible? Oh, blessed Mother! Yes! it was none other than her beloved Pedro, singing the old love song, and looking up toward her.

What should she do—she must see him, but how—how? The old watch dogs, the servants, were not all in bed, and what if they should hear? She would write him a note, and fling it down from the window.

He must go until later. She flew downstairs, and penned the note, and put it through a ring she took from her finger, and flung it far down in the grass. Then she watched, and knew that Pedro knew and would be still and wait—and what joy!

She could see him in the garden and Don Ramon would not be there to interfere. Would the hours never pass? At last she stole down, and out to Pedro, her lost love. She told him of her misery, and Don Ramon's jealousy; how she was a prisoner, could go nowhere, or see anyone, and how she had heard of his hard name among the settlers, and all her troubles.

How nice to have sympathy and love from an old friend from home!

He, in turn, told her of his wanderings and loneliness without her, and it was almost morning ere he started to depart. But hark! what was that step she heard over there by those rose-bushes; surely no servant could be around now. She was bidding Don Pedro a long farewell, when an angry face, black with passion, and the gleam of an uplifted knife, was all—Don Ramon's sorrows were over, and Don Pedro and Don Ramon were in deadly combat, struggling over her dead body in the moonlight. One gained the mastery, and Don Ramon was left, but not dead, beside poor Inez.

When the morning dew roused him, Don Ramon's first thought was how to get rid of the gruesome thing there on the grass. Surely there must be some way; he had done the deed before and still was free.

What could he do now? Something must be planned before the servants were stirring, and he must not be seen until tomorrow eve, when he was expected, and then he would join in the search for Donna Inez. Ah! there was the cistern.

He dragged her lifeless body toward it, and lifting a board, plunged the poor creature down headlong into the water. Then it was the work of a few moments to rid his hands and clothes of the evidences of his crime, as water was plentiful, and he would go away, perhaps never to return.

Which he did, and the queer house and its occupants still remained on the knoll on the hill for many years.

No one asked any questions; if they did, all they got for their trouble was: "Quien sabe"—and one by one the servants dropped out, and the old house and grounds went to ruin.

But belated farmers, passing by there at night, say the air is rent with a woman's screams, and the voices of two men in deadly combat, then a silence, a splash, and all is dark as before.

Does Donna Ramon come back from the great beyond, and is the tragedy all enacted over again?

The taxes on the grounds are always paid by some one unknown, to this day, although no one knows who. If they do, silence is golden.

There had been some talk of dragging the cistern, and one night a light was seen near; the next day disclosed evidences of some one having been there. What did they do? What did they find?

Echo answers—what!—Overland Monthly.

If you would have your affection reciprocated, get stuck on yourself.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

One of the most remarkable figures in the world of sport to-day is Jimmy Britt.



Jimmy Britt

Although losing the decision in his recent battle with Joe Gann, he is conceded the lightweight championship of the world, as the negro was clearly outclassed and only obtained the verdict through the foul. Britt fights because he likes to fight. Thus far he has given and taken more blows for fun than for money. He is a smiling, good-natured lad, but is always ready for battle at a moment's notice. Britt was born in 1889 in San Francisco in a district locally known as "South of the Slot." He is five feet six inches tall, with big shoulders and a chest, a 15-inch neck and the body of a welter-weight. His hands and feet are small. He has blue eyes that are mild in repose, but blaze like searchlights during battle. Jimmy began to box by stealth, because his brother Bill was already amateur feather-weight champion of the coast, and Papa Britt was disgruntled. But James quietly entered the tournament while he was still a pupil at the high school. He beat four men in one night and won the title his brother had held. It was wonderful to see the calm self-confidence of Jimmy. He sneered at his opponents from his corner, dashed at them, bashed them, overwhelming them and stalked away, still sneering. Fighting became second nature with the boy. When he graduated from the high school he entered his father's office, where he was put in charge of contracts and developed into a good business man. But during the evenings he roamed about town, not exactly looking for a fight but ready to hand it to anyone who was looking. When Jimmy Britt turned professional three years ago he beat Toby Irwin in 15 rounds. Then he knocked out Kid Lavigne in seven rounds, beating him so badly that Lavigne had to be treated in an insane asylum for two months. He knocked out Tim Haggerty, of Australia, in eight rounds and the renowned Frank Erne in six rounds. His victory over Young Corbett in 20 rounds stamped him as a great fighter, especially when it became known that he broke his right hand on Corbett's head in the eighth round.

If there is any one position on the green diamond that was covered to the entire satisfaction of the fans in the major leagues during the past season it was that of shortstop.

Notwithstanding this they were no better than in any one of several years past, owing to the fact that the shortstop has been developed to pretty near his limit. No performer on the field has a better chance to make sensational plays, to do brilliant and effective work, and to keep eternally solid with the bleachers, than these gentlemen who cavort between second base and third cushion. None of the shortstops now playing ball have anything on the one man who was it, as far as shortstop doings are concerned. Hughey Jennings was the ideal shortstop, the past master of the position. Great in every way was the former star of Baltimore, and it is hardly likely that the game will ever develop his superior. The shortstops of to-day are all right and crackjacks, but will the diamond ever have anything better than Williamson, Ward, Glascock, Jennings and Herman Long? At Boston the Nationals had a fair shortstop and hard-worker, Abbatichio, while the Americans had Parent, a great batter and one of the fastest, cleverest little men who ever chased the grounders. Chicago was well equipped in the shortstop line. Joe Tinker of the National league team fielded finely, but had an off year in batting. The veteran George Davis, of Comiskey's tribe, covered an immense area of ground, hit fairly well and was the life of the whole infield. At New York Elberfeld played the prettiest kind of ball for Clark Griffith, and Dahlen, always a star, shone as brightly as ever with McGraw. At Philadelphia Hulsewitz played fast and cleverly, while Monte Cross, always a fine fielder, was very weak with the stick. The St. Louis Americans had one of the finest shortstops now in the business, every point considered—Bobby Wallace. Shay and Brain divided the work for the Nationals and neither set the world afire, though both played excellently at times. Babb worked hard and well for Brooklyn. Tom Corcoran, the veteran who covers short for the Reds, never did finer playing. Hans Wagner is still the same old Hans—an awkward but effective ground coverer and a grand batsman. Turner, Cleveland's shortstop, is a corking good little man.

Joe Tinker.



Joe Tinker

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NOT SUCH A FUNNY TRICK.

Drummer's Joke on Waiter Turned Out a Costly One On Himself.

"I suppose there comes to every man a desire to do something smart on an occasion," said the drummer, as a sign took the place of his smile, according to the New York Times.

"Well, such a desire came to me as I was leaving a certain southern city after a week's stay. The waiter at my table had called me 'General' and been at great pains to care for me and I made up my mind to reward him with a \$5 bill. It was a counterfeit with which I had been stuck, but I thought it would be the biggest kind of a joke to work off on Bob."

"I had got a hundred miles away when I was arrested on a telegram for passing counterfeit money, and when taken back I was arraigned in a United States court and had to give bail and appear on three different occasions. I had a lawyer and other expenses, lost a good three weeks altogether and just escaped prison by the skin of my teeth. In addition to this I had to make good to the waiter, who sorrowfully shook his head when he received the money and said: 'I'm sorry you, General, but I'm de means of savin' your contemptible soul from the gallus!'"

JUST LIKE PRISON ROUTINE.

Boastful Traveler Brought to a Pause by a Very Embarrassing Question.

The scene was a third-class smoking compartment, five on a side. The speaker was stout, florid, with short-cut gray hair, and was very self-satisfied. The effeminate degeneracy of modern young men was his theme, relates London Tit-Bits. "Look at me! Sixty years of age—never had a day's illness in my life, and can do my four miles an hour! Why? Because from when I was 25 to when I was over 40 I lived a regular life. No delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine, got up at five, lived principally on porridge, worked hard—hard, mind you, from eight to one, then dinner, then an hour's walking exercise, and then—"

"Beg your pardon, guv'nor," interrupted a young working man sitting opposite, "but was you in for?"

Too Much to Expect.

"See here, landlord, must I sit here forever before I get the half chicken that I have ordered?"

"Oh, no, sir! I'm only waiting till somebody comes and orders the other half. Of course, I can't kill a half a chicken!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Real Acting.

Old Friend—Is your part very difficult to play? Barnstormer—Well, rather! I'm living on one meal a day and playing the role of a man with the gout!—Detroit Free Press.

Enough for Her.

Myra—But I am told your fiancé has no education.

Isabel—Oh, yes, he has. He is able to sign checks for at least half a million.—Chicago Daily News.

Found at Last.

Hensley, Ark., Dec. 30th.—(Special)—That a sure cure for Backache would be a priceless boon to the people, and especially the women of America, is admitted by all interested in medical matters, and Mrs. Sue Williams of this place is certain she has found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the long-sought-for cure.

"I am 38 years old," Mrs. Williams says, "and have suffered with the Backache very much for three or four years. I have been treated by good physicians and got no relief, but thanks to God, I have found a cure at last and it is Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken only one box and it has done more good than all the doctors in three or four years. I want all sufferers from Backache to know that they can get Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

Backache is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. Guard against Bright's Disease or Rheumatism by curing it with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is a wide difference between the voting machine and machine voting. The one resembles, mechanically, a cash register, indicating money received; the other often registers cash disbursed—a vital distinction.—Youth's Companion.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

Soft White Hands and Luxuriant Hair Produced by Cuticura Soap.

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap, assured Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and itchy skin, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, for annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

The hen patiently "lets" only through the overpowering pressure of mysterious creative impulse that masters her restless impulses to be outside scratching and cackling instead of working for posterity.—Boston Herald.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money. Piles Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

It is a Parisian doctor who insists that love is the result of a microbe. Then let science take warning and leave the tender germ undisturbed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Do not believe Piao's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A three-year-old boy of Machias, Me., rode eight miles over rough country roads the other day. That boy will grow up to be a great actor.—Ohio State Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Salt Lake doctor has found a new drug which he declares is better than castor oil. And it wouldn't have to be very good at that.—Indianapolis News.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Reckless Charity.

Overdressed Youth—Here is a ha'penny for you, my man, and pray tell me how you came to be so miserably poor. Mendicant—Ah, sir! I was like you—too fond of givin' large sums of money to the poor!—Tit-Bits.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N. Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W. C. T. U., tells how she recovered from a serious illness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearings-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of all my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lillydale, N. Y.

Thousands upon thousands of women throughout this country are not only expressing such sentiments as the above to their friends, but are continually writing letters of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham, until she has hundreds of thousands of letters from women in all classes of society who have been restored to health by her advice and medicine after all other means had failed.

Here is another letter which proves conclusively that there is no other medicine to equal Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with poor health for over seven years, not sick enough to stay in bed, and not well enough to enjoy life and attend to my daily duties properly. I was growing thin, my complexion was sallow, and I was easily upset and irritable. "One of my neighbors advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I procured a bottle. A great change for the better took place within a week, and I decided to keep up the treatment. "Within two months I was like a changed woman, my health good, my step light, my eyes bright, my complexion vastly improved, and I felt once more like a young girl. I wonder now how I ever endured the misery. I would not spend another year like it for a fortune. "I appreciate my good health, and give all the praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. TILLY, 407 Habersham St., Savannah, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of such letters.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

This Washing Machine
FREE To introduce the Improved Favorite Washer in every home in the U. S. I will send a machine, freight paid, to the first to write. I will send two machines. Sell one and keep the other. You don't have to act as agent in order to get MACHINE FREE. Machine was anything that can be washed by hand, and is the lightest running machine made. Tried for 15 years. Write to-day.
R. M. BALL, Mfr., Rooms 7 to 9 Ball Bldg., Muncie, Ind. Reference by invitation: Merchants National Bank.

PISO'S TABLETS
The New Boon for Woman's Ills.
SILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Disease in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing—
THE PISO COMPANY
Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH
SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

Further Explanation Needed.
Possible Purchaser—What is the title of this painting?
Artist—That is "A Ship in a Storm."
"It's wonderfully effective and striking. Would—h'm—would you mind telling me which is the ship and which is the storm?"
—Chicago Tribune.

If a man shows genius in killing and maiming thousands of his fellow creatures we give him rank, high pay, fame and adulation, but leave those who by patient, unselfish toil with meager remuneration bring benefits to all mankind to plod on, unrecognized and unrewarded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

You need not be a shadow because you are not a sun.—Chicago Tribune.

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Old Monk Cure for Pains and Aches

of the human family, relieves and cures promptly.
Price 25c. and 50c.